

## THE ILLUSTRATED BEE.

Published Weekly by The Bee Publishing Company, Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.

Price, 5c Per Copy—Per Year, \$2.00.

Entered at the Omaha Post-office as Second Class Mail Matter.

For Advertising Rates Address Publisher.

Communications relating to photographs of articles for publication should be addressed, "Editor The Illustrated Bee, Omaha."

## Pen and Picture Pointers

**T**HOMAS B. MINAHAN is another one-time Omaha man who has risen to a certain degree of prominence since leaving here. Two years ago he won national fame by projecting a movement for the abolition of treating, which he first presented to the Knights of Columbus, of which society he was one of the founders. He maintains that the suspension of the treating custom is the first step toward total abstinence. This movement won considerable headway, and has been commended by churchmen of all denominations. Mr. Minahan is a lawyer by profession, and is well remembered in Omaha, where he was in active practice for a long time, before removing to Columbus, O., his present home, about eight years ago. He has devoted much of his time to organized lay work in the Catholic church and on August 3 last was elected the first president of the American Federation of Catholic Societies at Atlantic City, N. J.

When Queen Epietna sent word from

her royal domains at Neligh to Omaha for a pair of Omaha knights to give her escort in an automobile, she neglected to provide a guide, and as a consequence Clarke Powell and Lowe Haynes have a story to tell of driving a whiz wagon across the "boundless peraries" after night that has almost as much of adventure in it as any Ned Buntline ever regaled his readers with. Inquiry along the road brought them information from a farmer, whose disinterestedness they are now inclined to question. By following his advice they proceeded about sixteen miles at right angles to the direction they should have traveled. Then another farmer set them right and told them of a short cut, by which they could save time. They followed the short cut, and found themselves overtaken by night in a stretch of country where the road was overgrown by grass, and the mercury getting down to the freezing point. For hours Powell hung over the front end of the machine, nosing out the road, and telling Haynes how to steer. You know you can't do as you used to with an automobile; it has no hoofs to guide you by the difference in sound between the road and the grass. But the auto was finally wheeled into Neligh, and during the days of the carnival the queen and her maid of honor were given the delight of being wheeled from place to place in a magnificent touring machine, and with a speed and comfort they had never before known. The carnival was a great success, and not the least interesting feature of it was the entourage of the queen.

And it finally came to pass that Jupiter Pluvius took his eye off the Omaha grocers and butchers for a day and they held their

picnic while the old boy wasn't looking. And it was a screamer when it did come off. Time after time had the date been fixed and every time did the rain god pick that day to overturn his can. But he couldn't keep it up, so the men and women who minister to Omaha's gustatory needs went to Missouri Valley last Tuesday and some of the things they did there have been immortalized by The Bee's staff artist, who was there with his camera.

Crescent clipped a quarter of a second off his record, and the world's, for a mile on a half-mile track at the Omaha driving park, and The Bee camera caught him while he was doing it. The pictures in this number were taken while the great trotter was passing the same point on each round and might easily be taken for the same picture, so even did the driver and his pacemakers maintain their positions. In the first picture it will be noticed that Mike the Tramp, the runner, has his hind legs in the air and in the other his fore legs are up. Both horses and the automobile were traveling at a 2:00 clip when these pictures were taken.

One of the features of the street fair at Dewitt was the flower parade, in which a number of beautifully decorated vehicles were driven. The picture in this number shows that of Mrs. George Dunn, which was given the first prize.

The death of Mrs. Kendall Young assures to Webster City, Ia., the Young fortune of \$200,000 for the purpose of a library. Mr. Young died in 1896 and in his will he bequeathed his entire fortune to

the city, the legatee not to come into possession of it until the death of Mrs. Young. The will provided that on her death \$25,000 should at once be expended upon a fire-proof building and that the remainder of the fortune should remain in a perpetual trust and that only the income from it, or as much of it as is necessary, shall be used for library purposes. After the death of her husband Mrs. Young maintained a library in the old Young home out of the annual allowance she received from the estate. It was small compared to what the city will now have, though. It is expected that with this estate, much of which is in Iowa real estate, the city will be enabled to have one of the finest library buildings and complete fittings in the state. The building will be built upon the beautiful Young residence lots, where the old home now stands. Work upon this structure will be begun immediately.

Major Jerauld A. Olmstead, U. S. A., (retired) has been appointed to represent the United States army in the matter of instruction in military matters for the Iowa National Guard. The position is one which he desired and he was recommended for the position by Governor Cummins and Congressman Hull. The new military law provides for this form of supervision of the work in the National Guard of the states that conform to the law, and it was expected that retired officers will be detailed to represent the war board. Major Olmstead is a fine military instructor and a thorough military man. He was inspector of the Iowa National Guard for two years and the past year has been in charge of military instruction at the state normal school.

## Episodes and Incidents in Lives of Noted People

**V**ICTOR EMMANUEL will pay his postponed visit to Paris between October 12 and 18 next. Great preparations are being made for his coming. As he is well known to be an enthusiast in numismatics, fifty fine medals will be presented to him. Some of these are of great historic value, ranging from the days of Richelieu to those of Carnot, Faure and Loubet. A few of them commemorate happenings in Italy, such as the restoration of Venice. A special medal will be struck in his honor.

People close to William E. Corey, Charles M. Schwab's successor as head of the United States Steel corporation, actually fear he will kill himself working. They say he is so wrapped up in the affairs of the steel corporation that he is literally "working himself to death." For instance, they say that he lies awake night after night solving or attempting to solve problems that come up, and frequently at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning will call up his lieutenants by telephone to consult them. His friends believe that no living man can go through this sort of thing and survive it.

Prince Khilkoff, the czar's minister of railroads, is perhaps the least Russian-looking man in Russia. He is the greatest railway builder in the world and during the eight years he has held his present position almost 23,000 miles have been constructed—more than one-third the railway mileage of the Russian empire. To him is

due the Siberian railway construction and the fact that Russia is far more formidable in the far east than ever before. A privy councillor, a member of the ministry, and a strong man, Prince Khilkoff has great weight in the councils at St. Petersburg.

Endless stories of Charles H. Hunt, chief of police of Portland, Me., are told by his admirers, and among them is one that illustrates the ready humor of the old man. At a dinner given by prominent citizens of that place, the chief was the principal guest, and in the course of the feast he was called upon to respond to the toast, "The Police." Amid applause, Mr. Hunt arose in the full dignity of his gorgeous uniform and in a silence indicative of the affection felt for him, said with a comical wink: "Here's to the police; first in war, first in peace, first in the pockets of the countryman."

"Admiral, what were your sensations just preceding the fleet's entrance into the bay of Manila?" asked a Washington lady of George Dewey.

"It seems to me," responded the admiral, "that I was thinking of 10,000 American newsboys, anxiously waiting to shout one of two sentences, 'Dewey's great feat,' or 'Dewey's great defeat.' I love the newsboy, and determined to lessen his task by giving him an opportunity to shout the shorter sentence."

Robert H. McCarter, the well-known New Jersey lawyer, who has been appearing as

counsel for the Shipyard trust, tells this story to illustrate how worthless the bonds of a corporation sometimes become:

"When my father was a trustee of Princeton college, the late John I. Blair of Blairstown informed the board of trustees that he was going to give the college many thousands of dollars' worth of the bonds of a new western railroad. There was great rejoicing at Princeton. Everybody celebrated over the gift. Then the bonds came. The trustees discovered that the donor had cut off the coupons for the next forty years."

Prince Joachim Albrecht of Prussia is, like other male members of the royal family, an officer in the German army, but he is much fonder of music than of war. He has written the music for a ballet and is engaged upon an opera. He is a regular attendant at the theater and is said to resemble in character the late Prince George, who devoted much of his time to writing poetry. Some surprise is expressed at the public and democratic way in which a member of the royal family has gone among the composers, having his name "billed" like any other, and it is considered not unlikely that the emperor may suddenly interfere.

"Hist!" "Hist yourself," answered the Auditorium hotel detective. "There's a sanctimonious old guy out in the lobby who's trying to pinch another fellow's watch." This information was given to the sleuth at 2:15 o'clock, relates the Chicago Journal. With great care he sized up his prospective prey. At 3:16:37 he returned and

remarked: "Oh, pshaw!" Charley Fines, who has charge of the cabstand at the hotel, had noticed a middle-aged man talking earnestly with another man. At the same time he was dallying with the other fellow's watch chain. "You're a lobster," said the house detective. "That is Secretary Shaw."

Admiral John O. Walker, president of the Isthmian Canal commission, wears long Dundreary whiskers, which give him a familiar nickname in the navy, says the New York Tribune. One day a young ensign entered his office and in a cheerful tone addressed the colored messenger: "Hello, Boncs, where's Old Whiskers?" Before the conversation could proceed any further the admiral stepped out from behind the screen, drying his hands upon a towel, and remarked quietly to the young officer: "Take a seat; I'll be with you in one moment." As the floor did not open to swallow him up the ensign sank into the nearest chair with a heavy and remorseful heart. He had come to ask a favor of the man who assigned all officers to duty and had the power to send him to either a pleasant or a painful berth as he pleased. When the admiral reappeared and took his seat at the desk the young officer, with shaking limbs and flushed face, began to explain that he did not intend to be impertinent. "For you must know, admiral," he stammered, "that the boys often call you 'Old Whiskers.' I hope you don't mind it." "Oh, no," answered the admiral. "I don't mind it, but if it's just the same to you I'd rather you'd call me John."

## Gleanings From the Story Tellers' Pack

**A**BAPTIST minister in a certain village was astonished at being called in to minister to a dying churchman. Having afforded what consolation he could to the sick man he asked the churchman's wife: "Why didn't you send for your own clergyman?" "Oh, no, sir," she replied, "the doctor said the case was infectious."

Grover Cleveland, though a writer of forceful English, is known among newspaper men for his involved style, says the New York World. The other evening at a New York club the ex-president told with apparent enjoyment of the effect of his complicated diction upon a ybbiting reporter who had sought him for an interview.

After dictating a statement to the youth he inquired, kindly, "Have you got it all down?"

"Yes," replied the reporter, candidly, "I have, but I will straighten out the sentences when I write it up."

Senator Walker told a story during a recent debate in the upper house of the commonwealth on the policy of a "white Australia," relates the London Chronicle. A missionary in China was endeavoring to convert one of the natives.

"Su; pose me Christian, me go to heaven?" remarked Ah Su.

"Yes," replied the missionary.

"All right," retorted the heathen, "but what for you no let Chinamen into Australia when you let him into heaven?"

"Ah," said the missionary with fervor, "there's no labor party in heaven."

Some one asked Chauncey Depew upon his

return from Europe if champagne is really the best thing one can drink to avoid seasickness.

"Well," replied the senator, with his never-failing ha-ha, "I like it very well myself, but most people prefer lemonade." It tastes about the same going both ways."

A British clergyman who was totally devoid of knowledge of seamanship once preached in a congregation of sailors. Thinking to impress his lesson upon his hearers more distinctly, he pictured a ship trying to enter a harbor against a head wind. Unfortunately for the success of his metaphor, his ignorance of seamanship placed the ship in several singular positions.

"What shall we do next?" he cried. "Come down off the bridge," cried an old tar in disgust, "an' lemme take command or ye'll 'ave us all on the rocks in another arf a second."

At a suburban auction of household goods, relates the Philadelphia Ledger, an active and successful bidder was a Montgomery county farmer. His purchases were piled high in one corner of the room, and he was still eager when a thermometer was offered. There was no bidding from any quarter, and the auctioneer, reaching it out to the farmer, said:

"Here, give me a quarter for it and take it along!"

"No! Not for me!" said the farmer, backing away.

"Why, that's dirt cheap!" exclaimed the auctioneer. "Don't you want a thermometer?"

"Nup!" was the decided reply. "I had

one a year or two ago, and fooled around it an' lost time without being able to regulate it at all. Why, I couldn't even open the darned thing!"

W. H. Bagley of Raleigh, N. C., a brother of Ensign Worth Bagley, who was killed in the Spanish-American war, tells of a Tarheel farmer who was inclined to look on the bright side of things.

"The man was at work on land so poor that you couldn't raise your hat on it, when a stranger passed," said Mr. Bagley, "and asked him about the crop prospects. The farmer seemed to be depressed, and finally the stranger expressed sympathy with him and his condition.

"This nettled the farmer, and he said: 'See here, stranger, I ain't so blamed bad off as you think. I don't own this here farm.'"

The little English vicar of Hexton, whose objection to high church ritualism brought him recently into conflict with Bishop Potter in New York, sat one day, drinking a brandy and soda in the cafe of the Fifth Avenue hotel, relates the Boston Post.

A group of reporters surrounded him. One of the reporters said:

"Why don't you try to drown ritualism, Mr. Fillingham, with sermons, rather than with violence?"

The vicar smiled. "Sermons," he said, "have an effect always, but too often this effect is the opposite one to what the sermonizer intended."

"How do you mean, sir?" the reporter asked.

"I'll illustrate to you what I mean," said the vicar. "I once had a parishioner who was a miser. For this man's benefit I

preached one Sunday a strong sermon on the necessity of charity, of philanthropy—a sermon on the duty and the joy of giving. The miser, at whom I gazed often, seemed impressed.

"Next day I met him on the street.

"Well, John," I said, "what do you think of yesterday's sermon?"

"It moved me deeply, sir," he answered. "It brought home to me so strongly the necessity of giving aims that, honestly, sir, I've a great mind to turn beggar."

There is a young clergyman near Hagerstown, Md., says the Baltimore Sun, who might be excused for saying "the guilelessness of some rural gentry passeth all understanding." He would probably deny saying it should you ask him, but he would not deny the following story, told by a relative:

A young couple with matrimonial intent, fresh from the green fields of their rural homes, went recently to the parsonage of the clergyman in question. The nuptial knot was tied. In the pause which followed the newly-made benedict looked even more embarrassed than before. He fished about in his trousers' pocket as if looking for something.

"What's the price?" he finally blurted out.

"The state allows me \$1," said the clergyman, "but—" and paused. Some pauses are more eloquent than words. Evidently this was not.

"Well," finally remarked the groom as he handed the astonished divine a quarter, "if the state allows you a dollar, take this and the job will have settled you a dollar and a quarter. Good day."